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The Soldier's Bride.

BY MARY L. LAMBERT.

The son had not killed the enemy before,
Nor the fox had caught the sheep of his flock—
When Lady Mary, on her wedding day,
Went hand in hand with the soldier's bride,
And he was on his knees a kneeling man,
While his bride stood on the sunny ground,
Kissed her cheek with a tender, loving hand,
And she was his bride for ever and a day.

On, on he went till he came to a stream,
Where the stars had lit up from their watery throne,
Then passed to drink of the sparkling liquid,
And with a smile and a happy look,
He took his bride and his bride's maid,
And with a ring and a diamond ring,
He gave her the ring and the diamond ring,
And she was his bride for ever and a day.

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COMING TO TERMS.

BY ISA CLAYTON.

CHAPTER I.
The words of love and hope have spoken
On the lips of the young and true,
And the heart is full of joy and hope,
And the soul is full of love and true.

Barney and Annie had been married
Six months when Mr. Moreland and Auguste
Visited them for the first time, at their
home in the city. An uncle and a nephew
were the only ones present. The young
man was the son of the old man, and the
young woman was the daughter of the old
man. They were all very happy and
contented. The old man was very
kind and generous, and the young
man and woman were very loving and
devoted. They were all very happy and
contented.

"Are you ill, Auguste?"
"No, I am not," said Auguste.
"Are you well, Barney?"
"Yes, I am well," said Barney.

"Are you well, Annie?"
"Yes, I am well," said Annie.

"Are you well, Mr. Moreland?"
"Yes, I am well," said Mr. Moreland.

"Are you well, Auguste?"
"Yes, I am well," said Auguste.

"Are you well, Barney?"
"Yes, I am well," said Barney.

"Are you well, Annie?"
"Yes, I am well," said Annie.

"Are you well, Mr. Moreland?"
"Yes, I am well," said Mr. Moreland.

"Are you well, Auguste?"
"Yes, I am well," said Auguste.

"Are you well, Barney?"
"Yes, I am well," said Barney.

"Are you well, Annie?"
"Yes, I am well," said Annie.

"Are you well, Mr. Moreland?"
"Yes, I am well," said Mr. Moreland.

"Are you well, Auguste?"
"Yes, I am well," said Auguste.

"Are you well, Barney?"
"Yes, I am well," said Barney.

"Are you well, Annie?"
"Yes, I am well," said Annie.

"Are you well, Mr. Moreland?"
"Yes, I am well," said Mr. Moreland.

"Are you well, Auguste?"
"Yes, I am well," said Auguste.

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"Yes, I am well," said Barney.

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"Yes, I am well," said Annie.

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"Yes, I am well," said Mr. Moreland.

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"Yes, I am well," said Auguste.

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"Yes, I am well," said Barney.

"Are you well, Annie?"
"Yes, I am well," said Annie.

"Are you well, Mr. Moreland?"
"Yes, I am well," said Mr. Moreland.

other father, and the train of thought
which had been indulging for the last hour
or two were all calculated to check the
flow of the better tide of feeling to which she
soon gave vent in a passionate flood of tears.

"Father let us talk upon some other subject,
I beg to say, I am not in the mood to
discuss this matter at present," and she
turned away with a look of sadness.

"No, my child, I have no heart to
company you and you have related to me the whole
cause of this strange behavior, both on your
own and Barney's part. I had hoped to see my
children happy but I fear they are not," and
Mr. Moreland wiped a tear from his cheek.

"Father," said Auguste, "if you must know
all, I may as well tell you this as that: the
whole truth is, Barney and I do not love each
other, his impudence and pretence, the least
shortcoming on my part irritates him, he has
not the least patience with me; I try to do the
best I can, but all my efforts are useless, and
what I might expect smiles I only meet frowns
sometimes I think we had better separate, per-
haps he might find another who would suit
him better than I."

"Separate," said Mr. Moreland, "how this word
grated upon Mr. Moreland's ears, the disgrace was
what he felt, his daughter, his only child, had
brought to such an extremity as this! so much
mystery in that beautiful home and yet until
that very day he had known nothing of it! his
great sorrow so sudden and unexpected
completely overpowered him, and for a long
time he was apparently speechless. At length
turning to Auguste he said:

"Auguste if there is any way in which
happiness can be restored to your household, let
no effort on your part be too great to bring it
about, but, if after making every possible
effort you fail, you shall again return to Bar-
naby Hall where you will know every one will
try to contribute to your comfort to the best of
their power, and we will go to the garden, dar-
ling and spend an hour."

The parlor was
leaving on his side for he had nothing further
to say himself about it, present, around him
all was complete, his wife, a short, fat, good
natured looking woman, was standing very
near him with her eyes upturned to his, while
a volume of affection seemed from the honest
garden's face upon the little being he had
chosen for better or worse, she had stolen from
the busy cares of her rustic home to the side
of her husband to pass a few moments in
happy converse. "Thy appearance is pleasant to
each other's society," observed Mr. Moreland
to his daughter.

"Always agreed in everything, always smiling
and happy, to me he enters the garden and
his wife their sweet contented dispo-
sitions," answered Auguste.

"And yet they really have nothing to make
them so contented and happy Auguste com-
pared to what people in our station have."

"True, true father," said Auguste with a
sigh.

On Mr. Moreland's and his daughter's re-
turn to the house, they found Barney in the
drawing room apparently absorbed in a book
which he held in his hand; as they entered,
he, however, arose and proffered his hand to
Mr. Moreland never once apologetic for his
absence at dinner; his manner was rather
cool than otherwise, but Mr. Moreland seeing
things in their exact light made himself par-
ticularly agreeable and affectionate in his
manner towards his son-in-law. Auguste was
as attentive to his wants as though she was
the bride of a week, and the tea hour passed
as did the evening rather pleasantly on the
morning of the same day Barney had made
himself exceedingly disagreeable and arbitrary
and one word from Auguste had brought a
world of invectives from her husband, upon
her head; quite a scene ensued. Auguste ap-
peared to have forgotten it all, since her father's
kind advice and she determined that on her
part everything should be done to restore
the gem of love to her husband's breast once
more, if it were possible. Mr. Moreland re-
mained a week, during the time he had two or
three times found Auguste in her boudoir weep-
ing, and he had as often overheard petulant
words uttered to her by her husband, but he
never passed a word with Barney with regard
to their differences; when he left for Barnaby
Hall, however, he kindly requested Barney to
take good care of Auguste as her health was

not very good, saying he should expect them
both at Barnaby Hall before long. With a
heavy heart he proceeded on his way home.

CHAPTER II.
"Oh happy home, oh pleasing shade,
Oh fields beloved in youth,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain—adieu."

It was a gloomy evening in October some
six months after Mr. Moreland's visit to his
children when a heavy carriage was driven to
the front of Barnaby Hall. Auguste alighted, Mr.
Moreland hastened to meet his daughter and
after the first salutation, asked why Barney
did not come.

"Father, he is not coming, we have parted."

"It is as I expected, my child, my
Heaven be praised for this great trial, and
all things Auguste kept a secret from your
mother for six years, and now she has a
short time at best, then do not grieve her in
these last hours," Auguste hastened to
the bed side of her mother, truly indeed that
kind, ever watchful parent, had nearly come
with earth and earthly things. At the sight of
her daughter she was nearly overcome with
delight.

"Where is Barney?" she then length enquired.
Auguste informed her that he was so pressed
with business he could not leave, after ex-
pressing much regret at not seeing her and with
many demonstrations of affection towards her
daughter, she sank into a quiet sleep. Auguste
sought her own room from which one year since
she came forth a happy bride and there
wept long and bitterly, till at last, every sun-
beam came and wooed her away to its usual
dormitory. On the morrow the servants were
congratulating themselves on the return of
their young mistress, for they expected large
fees for every extra task given them now, they
supposed Mrs. King very rich and very happy
and extremely generous; whilst little they
dreamed of the circumstances that caused her
return, each seemed ready to vie with the other
in their attentions to the fair lady, the change
in her looks, they attributed to city life. We
kissed on and Auguste heard nothing
from her husband, pale and melancholy she
wandered about the fields surrounding Bar-
naby Hall, or attended to the wants of her sick
mother, but ere the winter came, Mrs. More-
land was called to her last account, one calm
autumn day her remains were deposited in the
old grave. Closer and closer Auguste clung
to her only surviving parent and protector now
that her mother was gone for he was all in all
to her now. One evening in the early winter
as Auguste and her father were seated in
the library the door bell rang and present-
ly a lady was announced by the name of Miss
Annie Platt. Auguste ran almost as fast as
the parlor to meet her, for it was her old friend
and governess who had recently returned from
a European tour and now had come on a visit
to Barnaby Hall. Auguste had expected her
though not so soon.

"Welcome a thousand times welcome dear
Annie," cried both father and daughter in a
voice, as they met her the first time for three
years. Now you have come to stay with us
ways, darling Annie, for we are very, very
lonely," said Auguste, "haven't you?" Annie
assured her friend she would make them a
long visit. Now there seemed to be a new
light in the household, and Mr. Moreland
of mind that night in a more cheerful frame
of mind than he had before since the death of his
wife. Annie was a lady of superior mental
acquirements, possessed of a sweet disposition
as well as lovely and charming in person, she
was five or six years older than Auguste but
time had dealt gently with her for she still
wore a youthful look. She had lived at the
Hall from the time Auguste was a small child
until three years previous she accompanied
some friends to England where her ancestors,
many of them who were very wealthy, were
living; she had been amply cared for and had
known many, many new things, she had trav-
elled much in Europe, and many a winter
evening were Auguste and her father enter-
tained with her very interesting accounts of
what she had heard and seen in the old world.
At length Mr. Moreland proposed to his daugh-
ter and Annie that they should all take a tour
to Europe the ensuing summer. Auguste was
in ecstasies at once.

"Oh yes father we will go, and take Annie
along, if she will go on a voyage," exclaimed
Auguste, clapping her hands with joy even at
the thought of it. Annie and Mr. Moreland
were most happy to accompany them, and it was
decided that they should start the next June.

CHAPTER III.
"Lost!—lost to me forever!
Where should I go, since I have made
The ones that are my own
Who make their lives a sacrifice?"

The night succeeding Auguste's departure
from the home where the few months of her
wedded life was spent, was one of agony and
remorse to her husband.

"I have done wrong, by my unkind words
and actions I have driven the wife who was
patient and uncomplaining from my home,
and I am alone, I must seek her to return
—she will she has said, it were more than
human, so farewell poor Auguste!"

This was the title of the red book in which
Barney King indulged through the long sleep-
less night, and when the morning came it
found him haggard and worn. Auguste had
left in a passion, in a fit of anger Barney had
been abusive, insulting, and she had taken
this opportunity to inform him that she should
that day leave his house forever, and she ac-
cordingly left. Barney had no notion of her
return he knew her father's nature too well to
think he would be inclined to do so. The win-
ter passed spring came and nothing from Aug-
uste to be expected, the summer months
where he sat in his room many unhappy hours
and started for the South, a year and we hope
a resident man.

He made no attempt to procure a divorce,
and thus since the last evening, that which
heard him to the belief he had once professed
to love, still he passed for an unmarried man
in the circle of acquaintance that he formed.

In this dear reader, I leave a secret? No, I think
you must stand apart between two worlds,
no one asked him for a name, supposed he was
married, thus would he not have been a little
verbal, but he gave about saying, "my wife
and I cannot live together, consequently we
have parted," perhaps after all it might have
been the better way, but he would be found
it hard to breach the subject to strangers,
which he was wary of doing from the wound
so lately inflicted. So we will excuse him on
these grounds. His home through the summer
months was in a place of family, a short dis-
tance from the metropolis of the South. The family
consisted of the Planter and his wife and two
daughters, the eldest, Estelle, being scarce
twenty years of age. From was three or four
years younger. Barney was, when he chose
to be, one of the most fascinating and agree-
able of men, else he never would have become
away from her home, the once beautiful An-
guste. He was educated about and travelled
much, likewise was well informed. The Plan-
ter and all his family were soon delighted with
him, and often expressed their great joy at
being so fortunate as to procure so desirable
an acquisition to their family, and assured him
so long as he wished he could have a home
with them.

Estelle and Barney were almost constant-
ly in each other's society, he accompanied her
when she rode, he walked with her as she
strolled about the pleasure grounds of her
lovely and romantic home he was beside her
in the drawing room to read to her, or to listen
to her sweet voice as she sang or read; his
was the hand that turned the music leaves
as she sat at the piano or harp, in short, no other
appeared to be happy unless in each other's
presence; weeks glided on in this manner and
at length Barney was persuaded that he was
loved by the sweet and youthful Estelle. Now
it was he tried to analyze his feelings to-
wards the poor heart stricken Auguste upon
whose feelings he had so trampled, and he
found at last, his heart was none but hers,
even if he were free from the tie that bound
him to her, he would have no heart to give
another, how strange a thing is the heart of
man! Under these circumstances Barney
concluded to leave the place where he had
known so many blissful hours, and accordingly
returned to the North.

CHAPTER IV.
"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It reaches the earth's wide regions round."

Early in the summer, succeeding, Annie

I will not mourn.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I will not mourn for the shadowy past,
For joys and sorrows over,
I will pine and grieve, and weep,
In solitude and moor,
I've seen the wreath of hope and love
Fade from my sight away,
I've watched each flower withering,
I've seen the last decay.

I'll dry my tears and cease to mourn
The loss of faithless love,
Ah, woman's smile is fickle as
The stars in heaven above,
It sparkles brightly for a time,
As sparkling stars at night,
Then fades and leaves all, all around,
A darkness deep as night.

Happy is he to whom his business itself
becomes a puppet, who at length can play with
it, and amuse himself with what his situation
makes his duty.

Life is a comedy to those who think;
a tragedy of those who feel.

Platt's arrival at Barnaby Hall, she smiled in company of Mr. Moreland and his daughter for England. The weather was fine during the trip, and Auguste was as happy and gay, to the common observer, as though sorrow had never touched her with his leaden wing. With the return of spirits the olden glow returned to her cheek and again she looked as fair as the Spring's first morning. On their arrival in England they were met and welcomed by the friends of Annie, and for a long number of weeks they were their guests. After visiting the prominent places they proceeded to Italy and France, from thence they went to Palestine and Jerusalem.

Annie was a most delightful companion and enhanced the pleasure of the journey to the afflicted father and daughter beyond degree. Mr. Moreland was not yet altogether free from the romance of his boyhood even if he had seen two score and a half of years, he was as gallant and attentive to the wants of the ladies of his age as though he were but twenty.

But that his unwavering attention towards Annie implied more than mere friendship was evident to the most unpretentious eye, and that his meaning was understood by her, was very certain: from this we are to infer that the rich and influential man of fifty would woo and win the accomplished governess of half his years, and he did not wait in vain. On their return to England from the Holy Land, they were united in the bonds of wedlock. Auguste was pleased with the arrangement for Annie would not leave them any more, and in her society she could not feel very lonely. Auguste with her high bred manner and noble bearing, had created no little sensation in the circles in which they had moved, she had been sought after by the noble and great, and had it not been for the tie that bound her to another she might have been the Duchess of Albany, as the Duke, did in all circles ask her hand in marriage supposing her to be as free as himself; judge his surprise and chagrin on being rejected. Nearly a year and a half had passed at the time of Mr. Moreland's marriage with Annie since they left America, and now they engaged a return passage without delay. On reaching New York almost the first object that met the eye of Auguste was the form of her husband at sight of him the color left her cheek, the strength her limbs and she sank powerless to her knees; he was smiling at her, he loved her after all. The vessel was safely anchored, and Bayard springing to the deck caught the inanimate form of his wife in his arms in spite of the remonstrance of Mr. Moreland. Mr. M. perceived a necessity to take them to the Hotel, where Bayard followed them. Bayard requested an interview with Mr. Moreland which was granted, and assuring him he would take a very different course if he would permit his daughter to live with him again he at length won his consent, provided Auguste desired it. From the time of Bayard's return from the South which was nearly a year previous, he had wandered to and fro in pursuit of that peace which his heart sought in vain, he had learned of Auguste's whereabouts, and being informed of the name of the vessel in which she was to sail from England he had watched its arrival with the greatest anxiety.

Once more in the society of Auguste, with whom, had it not been for the indulgence of his refractory temper, he might have been one of the happiest of men hereafter, as well as all through life, he felt a degree of pleasure and content to which he had long been a stranger. Leaving New York the evening following the new two happy couples proceeded to Barnaby Hall, where a few weeks were passed most agreeably. Bayard then repurchased his former home and Auguste presided over it with all the dignity and grace which so gentle and very good natured a man as Bayard had become, desired. And so we leave them better and wiser over the sad experiences of the past.

Written for the Times.
AMONG THE BOOKS.
BY J. STARR BULLOWAY.

Life of George Washington. By Edward Everett. With Steel Plate Likeness of Mr. Everett, after the celebrated bust by Henry Powers. New York: Sheldon & Co. Publishers.

This charming biography of the great and good Washington, from the scholarly pen of Mr. Everett, will doubtless take its place at once as the great popular history of the Father of his Country. There are several reasons for this. It is intended to reach the popular heart, and therefore combines clearness with compactness and completeness. It possesses the merit of presenting in a single volume the matter which has always been spread over a half dozen or more. In fact it is a very model of condensation, its crowded page and rapid narrative, commending it to the taste of readers, while even those who are accustomed to linger over the voluminous records of Sparks, Marshall and Irving, will turn hereafter to Everett for his clear and immediate presentation of facts. No man living is better qualified by position and education to write the "popular" life of Washington, that which shall not only find its way into the rich and costly library, surrounded by multitudes of volumes, but into the humble home as well, where, in connection with the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, it will form the entire stock of family reading. The work is most expensively printed, and it will undoubtedly have an immense sale. 1 vol., 12mo. Price \$1.00.

The Moravian Law, A Tale of Domestic Life. By Peter B. R. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

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author, who, in less than ten years, has reached the summit of fame in her peculiar field of fiction. About twenty of these have now been published, and the present is unquestionably one of the best of the series. It is intense in interest, and dramatic in style and arrangement. The scenes are laid in the almost imperial days of Old Virginia, when her sons and daughters might almost vie with Europe in grandeur and aristocratic pride and dignity. The narrative is unrolled as only Mrs. Southworth could have unrolled it. Southern readers especially should take kindly to this novel, and to all the novels of this lady. 1 vol., 12mo. Price \$1.25. Among Mrs. Southworth's other novels we commend to those who have not yet read them, *The Two Sisters*, *Retribution*, *Vivia*, *The Lady of the Isle*, and *The Humbled Heart*. Each \$1.25.

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The reader who has seen either the Opera of La Traviata, or the Drama of Camille, will not need to be told further concerning this volume, which is issued in handsome style like all the Messrs. Peterson's popular standard works of fiction. The dramatic associations surrounding it, interwoven as the story is with the history of the great French tragedienne, make it one of the most thrilling books that Dumas ever wrote. 1 vol., 12mo. Price \$1.25.

LECTURES ON LOGIC. By Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, Publishers.

This noble volume completes the celebrated Lectures of Sir Wm. Hamilton, which, by express arrangement with the family of the lamented author, are compiled for exclusive publication in this country to our eminent Boston firm. We have had for a long time no more truly valuable contribution to literature than these splendid volumes of lectures. The first volume, is said last year, embraced the whole field of metaphysics, and even descended at once the latest learning, the closest research, and the earnest facility in communicating knowledge. The present volume is devoted to logic, and embraces thirty-five lectures, chiefly written like those on metaphysics, and first delivered in 1837-38, while their distinguished author filled the professorial chair in the University of Edinburgh, and repeated with but slight alterations, until his decease in 1856. In the preparation of these lectures Sir Wm. Hamilton has availed himself of his large and intimate acquaintance with the best writers in almost every language, especially with the great German logicians of the present century, and has thus been enabled to throw the clearest light upon many difficult and disputed questions. Each volume is distinct in itself, and each possesses additional interest from the very judicious annotations of the editors, Rev. Henry Lenzville Mansel, of Oxford, and John Veitch, of St. Andrews, as well as from a copious appendix made up of papers of much philosophical and historical interest left by Sir William at his death. The American reader is now enabled to possess himself of the whole posthumous publications of this profound author at half the English price. 1 vol., royal octavo, nearly 800 pages. Price \$3.00.

PROLEGOMENA LOGICÆ. An Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes. By Henry Lenzville Mansel, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Oxford. Boston, Gould & Lincoln.

It will be seen that the author of this excellent logical treatise is the principal editor of the above masterly work on the same subject. Its reliability and capability therefore stand unquestioned. Professor Mansel, however, is fast requiring any present office or labor as an endorsement of his ability in this special department of mental science. He is one of the profoundest scholars that has ever been attached to the celebrated institution whose professional chair he fills, and his work on *The Limits of Religious Thought* has given him a proud eminence among the great reasoners of the day. This new work from his pen is deserving the attention of every student. 1 vol., 12mo. Price \$1.50.

OUR SAN INDIANOS. By R. W. Gibbes, M. D., Columbia, S. C. New York: W. A. Townsend & Son.

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We need hardly tell our readers that Mr. Strickland is not a novice in literary occupation. This, his last work, differing essentially from all his other writings, is unquestionably one of his very best. It is filled with graphic pictures of Indian manners and customs, with legends of their encounters with the early white settlers, with stories of their own beautiful superstitions, with incidents of discovery, pictures of scenery, and other narratives and sketches of early times in the picturesque and always interesting lake region. We have seldom read a more attractive book, and we heartily commend it to the readers. 1 vol., 12mo. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.

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These are two very attractive juveniles. The first is a story of Planter Life in Old Virginia, simply and beautifully narrated, as it could not fail to be from the pen which a year or two ago gave to hosts of children that pretty little story of "Walter Leyton." The other is intended for younger readers. It gives in plain and easy verse several of the Bible narratives, such as Joseph and his Brethren, Samson, Queen Esther, Samuel, David, and others. They are all very prettily illustrated, and the little volume is exquisitely printed in tinted paper. As presents from parents to good children these little books are just the thing. Each 50 cents.

NOTE.—At the suggestion of many readers of the "Times," removed at a distance from the great Book centres, the author of these Notes from Among the Books will purchase and forward, free of all commission and postage, any book named in these articles upon receipt in postage stamps of price affixed. Communications and orders to be addressed, J. Starr Bulloway, Philadelphia.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A COMPENDIUM OF LAW.

NUMBER XVII.

DOWER.

Dower in the common law is taken for that portion of land or tenements which the wife hath for the term of her life of the lands or tenements of her husband after his decease, for the sustenance of herself and the nurture and education of her children. *Propter omnia matrimonii, ad sustentationem uxoris et educationem liberorum eorum fuerit procreata et sic procreatur; ad hoc propter dictum dos mulieris secundum consuetudinem Angliæ.* Tenants in dower is where the husband of a woman is seized of an estate of inheritance and dies; in this case the wife shall have the third part of all the lands and tenements whereof he was seized and possessed at his death, or which he had fraudulently conveyed to his children, or otherwise, with intent to defraud her of her dower; in which third part shall be comprehended the dwelling house in which her husband shall have been living most generally next before his death, and commonly called the mansion, together with the offices, out houses, buildings and other improvements thereto belonging or appertaining, to hold to herself for the term of her natural life. But in case it should appear to the Court that the whole of said houses cannot be applied to the use of the wife, without manifest injury to the children or others, the widow shall be entitled to such part or portion of the houses as they shall conceive will be sufficient to afford her a decent residence, due regard being had to her rank and the past manner of her life.

She must be the legal wife of the party at the time of his decease. If she be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, she shall not be endowed; for *she nullum matrimonium, si nullus dies*—where there is no marriage there is no dower. But a divorce from bed and board does not destroy dower. The wife must be above nineteen years old at the time of her husband's death.

If a wife willingly leave her husband and go away and continue with her adulterer, she shall be barred forever from any claim to dower in his lands, unless she shall have willingly become reconciled to her and suffered her to dwell with him; in which case she shall be restored to her claim.

The seizure of the husband must be a legal seizure. This requisite excludes the widow from a dower of a trust estate; for the husband's interest or seizure is, in this case barely equitable. A modern trust is the same as an *usufruct* of modern law of which it appears, that a widow was not dowable. But where a man shall die seized of a legal right of reversion, or of an equity of redemption, or other equitable or trust estate in fee, his wife shall be entitled to dower therein, subject to valid incumbrances thereon, in the same manner as in legal estates of inheritance.

The creation of a trust, to have the effect of excluding the widow's title to dower, must be a fair transaction, such an one in which a Court of equity would entertain jurisdiction to execute the trust; or the husband will be considered the legal owner of the estate, which will give to the widow a title of dower.

When a legal fee becomes vested in a mortgage on the non payment of the money by the mortgagor according to the condition in the deed, it follows that his widow will be entitled *at law* to dower out of the estate. But equity disapproves this title, considering the nature of the transaction; for in that case the mortgagor has a right to redeem the land if the conditions were broken, which condition commenced at the date of the deed, so that this title overreached the legal seizure of the mortgage acquired by him in consequence of a breach of the condition. Equity therefore, acting upon its own creature, the equity of redemption in the mortgage, converts the husband's mortgage into a trust for him *ab initio* and defeats the legal title to dower.

Hence it appears that the widow of a trustee, although entitled to dower *at law*, which does not notice trusts, is not so entitled in equity. The principle is, that the trustee has no beneficial estate, but the *cestus que* trust is actually and absolutely seized of the freehold and inheritance in the consideration of a Court of equity. The trust is the land in that Court, and the declaration of the trust is the disposition of the estate.

It follows, that if a man after contracting for the sale of his estate, marries and dies before executing a conveyance, his widow will not be endowed since the husband became by the effect of the contract, a trustee for the purchaser,

who upon the payment of the purchase money, may compel the legal representative of the husband to make him a title.

At common law, the widow was entitled to one third of all the lands of which her husband was possessed at any time during the marriage—even though he had aliened it, and did not possess it at the time of his death. This gave rise to much intricacy and many nice distinctions, concerning the question of dower, but thanks to the Legislators of the State, they have changed the law in that particular, and hence we are now permitted to pass over as useless, much of the learning handed down to us by Coke, Littleton, Blackstone, &c.

In England, the widow is entitled to be endowed immediately after her husband's death; and dower ought to be assigned her within forty days after; in the meantime she may remain in her husband's capitol message, or other dwelling house of which she is dowable, for the space of forty days, and to be supported *de bonis viri*. This title of residence is called the widow's *Quarantine*. If she marry during those forty days, or depart from her husband's house—to which she will not be permitted to return for the remainder of the time—her right to quarantine determines.

No such outlandish law in North Carolina, but any widow having claim to dower, may file her petition in the county or Superior Court of the county where her husband usually dwelt, setting forth the nature of her claim and other things; whereupon the Court shall issue a writ to the Sheriff, commanding him to take the proper steps to allot dower to the widow.

When the lands of the husband lie in several different counties, the Sheriff may summon the jury from any or all of the counties in which the lands may be situated. The jury are not restricted to assign dower in every single tract of land, but may allot the same in one body or several, on one or more tracts having due regard to the interest of the heirs and the right of the widow. The proceedings for dower shall be in a summary manner; and the Court shall, at the first term when the petition is filed, hear and determine as shall seem just and right. Provided the heirs or devisees shall have ten days previous notice, and be served with a copy of the petition.

The dower of a widow, and also such lands as may be devised to her by the will of her husband, if such lands do not exceed the quantity she would be entitled to by right of dower, shall not be subject to the payment of debts, due from the estate of her husband during the term of her life. The crop at her death on the land held by a widow in dower, shall belong to her.

Every widow having a right to dower, shall be entitled to damages during the time the dower is detained from her. The dower of a widow, must be one third *in value* not *in quantity*.

Scottish Humor.

The following amusing anecdotes we copy from an article in Blackwood's Magazine, on "Scottish National Character."

A minister of Christ had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, "one David Cowan in Tweedie," and remonstrating on the subject, had his patience complicated by two cartloads of coal which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, a few Sundays after, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as firmly as; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the ministers. Mr. Glass, here with it for a while, but a last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north seat—*Anglican* gallery—to "waken David Cowan." David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister—"if he didn't drive two cartloads of coal to the manse last week to let him sleep?" "True," replied the minister, "but I did not agree to let you *sleep*?" A simple version of this story is, that honest David, suddenly aroused out of the peaceful rest for which he had compounded, demanded to know, in amazement and indignation, whether "the coals were a'dune a'ready?"—a most natural inquiry.

Such tales of folly in church abound. "Jenny," asks a banterful minister of the same generation, sleeping from his pulpit, "have you got a green (tin) about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side." Such instant punishment must have made it dangerous work to trifle with the temper or even attract overmuch the notice of these keen sighted observers.

"An admirable story of a quiet pulpit nabe," says Dean Ramsay, is traditional in the East Neuk of Fife, and told of a seceding minister, a Mr. Shirra, a man well remembered by the older generation for many excellent and some eccentric qualities. An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church, and walked about, as if looking for a seat, but, in fact, to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating, "Oh, man will ye sit down, and we'll see your new brooks when the kirk's done." This same Mr. Shirra was well known from his quietude and as it were, paralytic comments which he, introduced in his reading of Scripture; as, for example, in reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste, all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, David, ay he had been in this parish, ye might hae said it at your leisure." Those dull old kirks, in the end of the eighteenth century can scarcely have been

so dull as one might suppose. Perhaps it is Bonnerges storming in the pulpit, with afternoon auditors woefully unable even to get to sleep; but lo, a dog has followed his master to church, and, unseen, somewhere pays tribute to the eloquence of the sermon, becoming "first excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and from wincing to whining as the speaker's voice rises louder and louder, at last beginning to bark and howl." The indignant minister calls upon his head to eject the intruder. "Ay, ay, sir," says John, looking up to the pulpit, "but, indeed, it was yerself that begun it." Perhaps it is a still more amusing and confusing encounter. "The circumstance happened in a parish of the north. The clergyman, on coming into the church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. The authorities had been unable to remove him without more violence than was seemly, and therefore waited for the minister to dispossess Tam of the place he had assumed. 'Come down, sir, immediately,' was the peremptory and indignant call; and on Tam being unmoved, it was repeated with still greater energy. Tam, however, very confidently replied, looking down from his elevation, 'Na, na, minister, just ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us bairn!' Or imagine the effect upon a sleepy congregation of the following little episode. 'One day when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery, wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, 'Ye see, even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing.' Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, easily replied, 'An' if I had na' been an idiot I wad hae been sleeping, too.' Or of this much more complimentary and pleasant interruption: Another of these imbeciles, belonging to Peebles, had been sitting at church for some time listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit, of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself, he roared out, 'Indeed, minister, there's mair lears in Peebles than me.'

Some emphatic stories are told by Bishop Low's biographer, of a Fife gentleman, poor and witty. Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by the unweary sound of his snoring in his drawers, this philosopher awoke with all his wits about him, and the calmest equanimity of spirit. "Haud ye bairns, haud ye bairns," he says, quietly; "aye ye find any siller there i' the dark, it's mair than I can d' in daylight." At another time the same individual had a company assembled to purchase the trees round his house, and, as usual under similar circumstances, it was hinted to him that it would be well to introduce a bottle or two of brandy to inspire competition. "Haud, haud a care of your daff heads!" exclaimed the poor laird. "If I had two or three bottles of brandy, d'ye think I wouid sell my trees?" Liberal living, claret and whiskey, not to speak of attitudines and confusions, put more than trees in danger; but despite our national character for frugality there are always pointed anecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Nothing could be more obnoxious to our forefathers than the reproach of meanness, and against no quality is the trenchant force of national sarcasm so contemptuously directed. For example, a master bearing a pompous house charges his servant, who has accompanied him, with the common failing, "Jamie, you are drunk?" "Indeed, sir," answers Jamie, with ineffable disdain, "I wish I was." How fine is the irony! It might not have been good for Jamie, but at least it would have been a credit to the house.

A SENSIBLE PREACHER.

It is refreshing to find one man of good sense among the multitude of Northern fanatic preachers. The Senior Editor of the *Frederick Observer*, thus writes of such a *vera avis*, of whom he chanced to hear recently in New York:

I heard last evening an amusing account, and all the better for its being true, of the reply of an Episcopal Clergyman, in Chicago to an application to preach a sermon against slavery. "Preach against slavery," said he, "What, are there any slaves here?" "Oh, no, there are none here." "Well then," said he, "I know that there is a vast amount of intolerance, of profane swearing, of thieving, and cheating, and lying, to say nothing of the higher crimes, such as murder, &c. I intend to preach against all these, which abound in Chicago, and when I find that they are all reformed, then I will take into consideration the propriety of preaching against slavery, which is a way off in the South." There is a volume of sound sense in this, but unfortunately many here are too blind to see it.

BETTER PROSPECT IN TEXAS.

This year has been one of unprecedented drought over Texas. We had no rain from the middle of April until the 12th of August. We will have to buy our corn in New Orleans. We can get it here at about \$1.50 per bushel. Missouri flour is worth from ten to twelve dollars per barrel; the most is fine. Pork will not be worth more than \$5 per hundred. Since the rains set in, the prairies look like the finest wheat fields, and the cattle and horses are all fat again.

Improve the present for 'tis all you own.

Times' Correspondence.

New York, Sept. 24, 1860.

Dear Times: Since my last letter the city has grown lively, in every sense of the word. The merchants from the interior are rapidly pouring in, and as per consequence the streets "down town" are becoming lined with boxes and piles of goods ready to be sent off. Carts and drays heavily laden with every species of merchandise, are seen in a dense mass slowly winding their way through the obstructed passages to the several wharfs. In a word, the Fall Trade is in full blast.

Now whether this great change be due to the natural course of events, or to the recent visits of Douglas and Johnson, together with those other lesser lights, Johnson, Hilliard, Morehead, &c., dependent sayeth not. Be this as it may, there have been, besides the Blodwin farrow, three great political demonstrations—the like of which a country farmer does not see every day—toward the great Douglas and Johnson grand rally and the Republican mass meeting and torch-light procession, in and around about Cooper's Institute, which was almost immediately followed by a still greater uprising and coming together of the Union party at the same place—all of which your readers have already noticed in the papers. That the pleasure of seeing and hearing Douglas and Johnson speak on the occasion should be noted. Both are stout, alertly moving men, and both appeared to be deeply impressed with their own great importance—the former especially so. At the Union meeting I heard Hon. W. Hilliard, of Alabama, Gov. Mackey, of Kentucky and the immortal Fernando Wood, of this city, speak. All good speakers—Hilliard especially so. His (Hilliard's) speech was characterized by an unusual degree of force. There is a manly eloquence about him that reminds one of South Carolina's great Statesman—Calhoun. If there is any virtue in speaking his was a telling speech.

As intimated above, Blodwin has been playing his pranks before the curious multitude for the last week or so. I have not yet found time to see him, but think I will take time next week. The last act performed was that of carrying a man on his back while blindfolded, from one end of the rope to the other—a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and about two hundred feet from the ground.

Lord Radnor is getting up an excitement in the South West, and will in due time make his "debütante" to the G. O. Democrats. I hope to see him before I leave. I have a *regret* to be unable to look into the face of Queen Vic's favorite son. Who has not?

A few days ago I visited Barnum's Museum, and strange to say, was not disappointed. I had heard that Barnum had a little of everything, and found it to be so. In addition to the great living and dead animals, in their proper element, the Man monkey, or the "What is it?" and the Albin family, I saw a specimen of every animal admitted into Noah's Ark—the fowls that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the water—every snake and toad and lizard and bug that creeps or crawls or slides upon the earth, had its allotted place. Every species of rock and horn and shell and bone was there. I observed a full-blown, though small, cotton plant, which I presume came from some poor village in New Jersey. For it did not look flourishing enough to have been produced further South. I saw several curiosities from North Carolina, among them a good sized chunk of petrified hickory from the Cape Fear River. I saw a piece of the boulder on which the poet Burns was born, a piece of the Charter Oak, together with ten thousand and one other curiosities, which I did not have time to examine, from the skeleton of a Mastodon down to a dried fly—indeed, an Egyptian Mummy, and a great number of Wax figures, prominent among which was that great ladies' favorite Tommy, of Japan.

I will not bore your readers longer, but close.
Yours truly,
EDGAR ORVILLE.

Now and Then Papers.

BY PAUL LIVINGSTONE.

The long days of summer had come, come in their languor and heat—making all within the crowded city lazy and uncomfortable. Yet I hailed their approach with pleasure for they brought to me relief from business. The soft murmuring wind at the sunset hour bid me depart for the forest and the wildwoods. And there rest amidst the charms of nature till the cool days of September should return in all their harvest beauty, bringing again health and prosperity to man.

An evening sail up the Hudson river is delightful. As we leave the Empire City—her decks crowded with the white sails of commerce—steamers, wharves and tug boats sailing up and down the bay; the vast City with her five hundred steeples and towers looming up, is a scene which the tourist never fails to look upon with satisfaction. Soon the Hudson has become wider and stretches like a white ribbon far off to the mountains, which dimly appear in the "blue" beyond. The full moon in all her purity, rises in the sky giving a silver shadow to lawn and woodland and sending her streaks of gleaming light (like fairies dancing on the sea) over the orchards and upon the charming villas which adorn the banks of this fascinating river. Soon the "Palisades" greet you as they rise high and stretch for miles along the river. How regular and tow-

ering they appear. What grandeur they possess, and how beautiful to the eye do they seem as we sail rapidly by them. On, on we go! passing villas, lawns and forest—the commerce from the back country floats (drawn by river tugs) slowly down the river, and one is astonished at the immensity of the inland trade and production. After a few hours sail the vision is greeted with a view of "Sunny Side" the residence of the far famed Washington Irving. It is just the home one would suppose a mind like Irving's would desire to possess. Every thing has a rural and tasty look. The villa, the lawn and various appointments at once speak to the tourist that he who once treated those avenues and walks, and gave life and vigor to the grass, flowers and trees, and made all who came there welcome, from the scholar down to the rustic, was a being who possessed that nicety of taste which we only find in the cultivated and educated person. Yes, it is a charming retreat, one worthy to be the home of such a literary scholar as Irving. And though now his "better life" has passed to the spirit world, there to bathe in golden scenes, which no mortal can portray, yet the recollections that will for ages hover about "Sunny Side" will bring pleasant memories of the scholar and the gentleman, who has left behind him that mine of literary labor which will live while the English tongue shall exist!

Farther up the river we passed the Catskill Mountains, made so famous by the graphic sketches from Irving's pen. How vividly, as I looked upon these rugged cliffs, rising far above me, came the memory of other days when in the lazy hour of a June afternoon or setting by the inviting wood fire on a winter's evening, I had read those rare and interesting stories which Washington Irving, in his Sketch Book, gave to the reading world many years ago. Yes, I pictured in my mind the "whereabouts" of "Rip Van Winkle" and his dog "Wolf," and as I passed a little village I wondered if that might have been the spot where the Dutch settlement once was located—where "Rip" and his dog "Wolf" used to live in the long day round and about the "Saml Inn," as designated by a *relic* and *relic* of the *Major George the Third*, and as I listened to the lone bark of some trusty canine, I said to myself, in the way of joke, "Perhaps this is old Wolf's bark; by some miracle he may have been awoken and is now barking for Rip!"—Alas, poor fellow! If it is you, I feel for you! Your master has departed ages since and I beg of you to cease and not howl so piteously for the dead. As twilight came these appeared in the heavens a fine display of Northern lights. And never have I looked on anything more brilliant and imposing. Every cell was in that as they shot across the fiery sky with a rapidity that dazzled the eye and illumined the senses for hours! Time wore on—and then appeared the gray dawn. The moon faded from our view and the sun peeped above the hills—after a short period the day broke fresh and fair. All nature appeared beautiful with life! Soak our journey was at an end. A few hours after I was seated in a car and rapidly moving over the rails for the mountains of Vermont. As the lazy hours of noon came on a space I gazed from my car window and for the first time beheld the Green Mountains; they appeared grand and mighty as they stretched far away to the North. The country I so rapidly passed through gave prospects of a rich harvest. Later in the day I reached the village of B.—a delightful spot nestled away among the mountains. I was welcomed by my right jolly friends the Prof. and before the evening hours were fully come I was feeling quite at home in this rural and ancient town.

The Country.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

About the latter part of August—when returning from New York and the East—I was persuaded to visit my good friend John E. McComas, Esq., residing in the fertile and hilly country of Hartford county, Maryland, about twenty miles from Baltimore; I arrived about noon—feeling very dusty indeed—being literally covered with cinders from the engine, attached to the cars, but a *brush*, and the cool, bracing breezes from the laughing groves—with a *regular country dinner* (just what I like) made me feel like a young gazelle, and I longed for a hop, a skip, and a jump through the meadows, over the fields, and in the garden and orchard, which of course, it was not long before I had taken.

A more beautiful country I think I never beheld than that portion of the good old State of Maryland; groves and waterfalls, blooming maidens, and clover fields stretched as far as the eye can reach, with here and there a richly laden orchard of apple and peach trees make it the most beautiful country in the State. I can but express the pleasure I felt in calling upon Mr. McComas, and sharing the hospitality of his beautiful mansion—and, too, in being showed around his farm. Mr. McComas is a gentleman of about forty, with a very promising little family around him, and by strict attention to business has amassed quite a fortune; I declare, to look at, and around his place, his costly domicile, and beautiful shaded lawns—makes me feel as though a farmer I surely must be. Yet I don't think I was made for a farmer—at least Mr. McComas says so, and I will allow him to know. It is quite a treat to take the cars at Baltimore and ride through this part of Maryland, and to those who have never done so, I would say, do, and you will be repaid a thousand times for the price of your ticket.

While there, I perpetrated the following lines, which, I hope, portrays my delight:

Oh! give, give to me the country—
Let me hear the wild birds sing.
Let me roam about the bowers,
Through the bloom of early spring:
For 'tis then I love the country—
Love each gentle, cooling breeze,
As it bears off fragrant odors
From the blooming jessamine trees.

Give, give to me the country,
For it is my love, my pride,
When at even's gentle twilight
I oft take a pleasure ride,
Passing on through flowing meadows,
At the closing of the day—
Through the fields—where farmers sing,
Gather in the new mown hay.

Then give, give to me the country,
For a country life for me,
For even now a spirit whispers
"Yet a farmer thou shalt be;
One to grub the thorny bushes—
One to plant and hoe the corn—
That thy faithful harvest reaping
May a home of wealth abound."

Yes, give, give to me the country—
With its valleys—and its hills,
With its shady walks and gardens;
With its meadows and its rills—
And its lanes, joyous ever—
Hedding out the city's brail—
To be a robust farmer.

Alas, a filler of the soil.
Give, oh! give to me the country—
Let me learn the use of flowers;
Let me watch the dairy maidens;
As she homeward drives the cows;
Let me lounge upon the hillside
Where spreads the shady oak,
Or watch the jovial teamer
As he drives the *new* yoke.

Give, oh! give to me the country—
Give it me through Spring and Fall;
For I love the every season—
Even though Winter—Summer—all;
Let me ever roam its meadows—
And its fields with verdure spread,
Then at last—oh! let me chamber
With its silent, mouldering dead.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MR. LIVINGSTONE.

The celebrated African traveler, Dr. Livingstone, is to leave another steamer, which has been sent out by the English Admiralty, to enable him to proceed with the expedition and navigation of the Zambesi. The screw steamer, *Sloop Pioneer*, of 550 horse power, has recently departed from Woolwich, fully laden with stores for the intrepid explorer.

G. W. JOHNSON'S PLANTATION IN GEORGIA.

The plantation of George Johnson, the Douglas candidate for Vice President, lies in Jefferson county, Georgia, and consists of 3,652 acres of land. It is said to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of the products of that latitude, particularly cotton. In the aggregate the land is valued at \$25,000. There are upon the plantation 117 slaves, as likely a set of boys and girls as you will see south of Mason and Dixon's line, and value at \$90,000. The increase of slaves in twenty five years has been 200 per cent. The number of mules and horses is thirty-eight, worth \$3,800; value of cattle and implements about \$1,000. This will make the aggregate value of the farm and stock \$123,800. From this investment there will be raised this year 250 bales of cotton, valued at \$12,500; bushels of corn, 7,500, valued at \$6,500; giving a clear income of \$19,000, besides supporting in a sumptuous style about 150 persons, and raising any amount of sweet potatoes and garden truck generally. It is chiefly managed by his two sons, two very promising young men.

TEXAS INCENDIARIES.

A letter written from Texas, says: We have been in a terrible state of excitement, caused by abolition emissaries inciting the negroes to rebellion, arson, &c. I will advise all northern book peddlars, school teachers, and itinerant preachers, to keep out of Texas, as this climate has recently become very unhealthy for all such. They are closely watched, and the trees here often bear strange looking fruit.

The suspected incendiaries are leaving Northern Texas in large numbers. About three hundred wagons belonging to this class of men are now strung along the roads north of Red river. Their destination is said to be Kansas and Missouri.

DIRECT TRADE WITH EUROPE.

The Hon. Joseph Barbere, who was sent to Europe in June last, as Commissioner from the State of Tennessee, on the question of "Direct Trade," was a passenger by the *Adriatic*, which, arrived at New York, Wednesday. So far as the initiative is concerned, the mission is a complete success. Mr. Barbere visited over two hundred and fifty manufacturing in Belgium and Germany, and succeeded by personally presenting the subject to the manufacturers, in inducing them to make a trial shipment. Accordingly, the Henry leaves Antwerp this month for Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of assorted goods of Belgian and German manufacture. These fabrics will be exhibited at a Fair to be held in December next at Macon.

THE WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The number of words which are used, in comparison with those which every person who speaks the English language has a right to use, is very small. The vocabulary of the language now contains nearly a hundred thousand words. Of these, Milton used only eight thousand, and Shakspere only fifteen thousand. And yet the vocabulary of these authors is probably the largest used by any writer in the English language.

WASHINGTON AND LEAKSVILLE RAIL ROAD.

More than a sufficiency of stock has been subscribed to secure the charter of this road, and the company is now organizing to proceed to work.

STEAM LINE BETWEEN N. Y. AND MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

A new and said to be elegant screw-steamer, called *Victoria*, will leave New York, on the 1st October, for Morehead City, N. C., and will clear from Morehead City on the 4th October for New York. The *Victoria* will continue to make three trips a month.

THE FUSION IN NEW YORK.

The New York papers of last week bring us full particulars of the fusion movement of the Breckinridge, Bell and Douglas parties, which has at last been consummated in that State.—*The Herald* says:

We have finally reached the end of the fusion talk and tetter. The committee of fifteen enrolled their labors yesterday; and announced a ticket for the support of the conservative voters of this State. At 12 o'clock the members of the committee were seen gathering at the Assay office in Wall street, where they waited patiently for the arrival of the sub-committee appointed to negotiate with Richmond L. Gager & Co., on one side, and Green, Tacker & Co., on the other. The long absence of the gentlemen comprising that committee induced the others to believe that their labors were not at a close, and that a Union ticket would not be agreed upon by them. Several members of the committee were seen walking about with anxious faces, and one or two reported that the troublesome question was far from being amicably settled; there were vacancies enough, but then came the knotty point, who should fill them? and this seemed to be the sticking point, one that had deprived the Volunteers, and all other committees that had heretofore attempted it, from receiving the honor of saving the Union, and enrolling their names among the long list of patriots.—Was the fate of this committee to be the same? This seemed at first to hang over those assembled like a black cloud.

One long half hour rolled away, and still no such committee. In the meantime the fate of the nation rested heavily upon the members present. Occasionally one of the number would walk to the door and look up that wonderful street thronged by the gold seekers, for the long desired committee, and the only response to the inquiries from outsiders was that there were a great many about it in the way of forming one ticket. At length Joshua J. Henry and his associate members of the sub-committee made their appearance, and for a moment there was joy in the camp. A few moments later the war horse of Tammany, Ed. J. P. Purdy, and Judge Brennan, made their appearance, and were seen dodging about in the room of that building, until they finally found the object of their search, in Dr. Torrey's room, where the Committee of Fifteen were having the various materials chieftainly examined, to see what proportions of each were necessary to make a complete and perfect compound. Mr. Purdy remained but a short time and coming out gave two or three of his significant words to a person standing near, and disappeared on the other side of the street. The impression gathered was that the different material was already in the crucible going through the melting process, which would soon turn out a model ticket.

Finally the long agony was ended by the Committee bringing in their official report, which recommends to all citizens of the State of New York, who are opposed to the election of Lincoln and Hamilton, and who are in favor of preserving the Union of these States upon the basis of the Constitution, a ticket composed as follows: Douglas, 18; Bell, 10; Breckinridge, 7.

The ticket thus formed seems to be supported very generally by the anti-Lincoln press of the State of New York.

A POLITICAL BOMB AT WHEELING.

The Hon. Thos. Coville, of Ohio, addressed a Republican meeting at Wheeling, Va., on Tuesday evening. After the speech a large crowd assembled on the wharf, consisting of six or seven hundred of all parties, and as a number of the so-called "Wide Awakes" approached for the purpose of taking passage in the steamer *Minerva*, for Pittsburg, they were saluted with a volley of stones from the crowd, doing considerable damage to persons and property of the Republican ranks, and destroying several trunks and packages. After the embarkation of the Republicans, a larger portion of the crowd being still on the wharf, the stoning was renewed, and a number of persons on the boat were struck, though not seriously injured.

THE STATE FAIR—IMPROVEMENTS ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, anticipating the largest exhibition this year that has ever taken place under the auspices of the Society, are making extensive arrangements for the accommodation of exhibitors and visitors. A new building, 20 by 60 feet, has been erected for fruits, condiments, &c. This will be a great relief to Floral Hall, as the latter has always been overcrowded. Floral Hall will be arranged, both with respect to articles and company, so as to be more convenient and agreeable. The ladies will now have Floral Hall to themselves, and we call upon them to exert themselves to fill it up and decorate it in the most attractive manner.

A new building near the entrance, intended for the Executive Committee, will be erected. This is much needed.

The track is in fine order for trotting. The Salisbury Brass Band has been engaged for the occasion, and visitors may expect some good music.

Mr. P. F. Pescud and Dr. L. S. Perry have been appointed a committee of Reception, to

provide accommodations for visitors. This duty could not have been entrusted to more competent hands. All who desire to come may rest assured of being accommodated.—*Raleigh Register*.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

Prof. Lowe, who is to sail across the Atlantic in a balloon, made another failure last Saturday. The inflation of his balloon was commenced Friday night, and at 5 o'clock in the morning everything was prepared for the ascension, the extensionists were in the basket, and the rope was about to be cut, when the balloon burst near the top, putting a termination to the undertaking.

THE END OF GEN. WALKER.

After several contradictory reports, it is finally settled that General Walker has been shot. While on board the steamer *Leaves*, Gen. Walker had a correspondence with the Commander, in reference to the terms of his surrender. After this correspondence, which is published in some of the Daily papers, Walker wrote the following protest:

I hereby protest, before the civilized world, that when I surrendered to the captain of her Majesty's steamer *Leaves*, that officer expressly received my sword and pistol, as well as the arms of Colonel Radnor; and the surrender was expressly and in so many words to him, as the representative of her Britannic Majesty.

WILLIAM WALKER.

On board the steamer *Leaves*, Sept. 5, 1860.

THE END OF GEN. WALKER.

New Orleans, Sep. 5.—The British steamer *Gladiator* has been quarantined. She has on board the remnants of General Walker's army.

Walker was shot on the 12th instant. Ten shots were fired at him, and the effects of the bullets.

He was afterwards buried by foreigners, the natives refusing to take any part in the ceremony.

Colonel Radnor has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

MR. YANCY ON RESISTANCE.

Hon. Wm. L. Yancy, when in Knoxville, Tenn., last week, was asked, during his speech, what he would do in case of Lincoln's election, and replied to the question as follows:

By an act of the General Assembly of Alabama, passed last winter, it is made the duty of the Governor, in the event a black Republican shall be elected President, in a certain period after his ascension, (thirty days, I believe,) to make proclamation of the fact—and that an election shall then be held by the people to elect delegates to a convention of the people of the State, which convention will consider what measures they and wrong done the State require at its hands.

As I said to you in the earlier part of my speech, I am a State rights man, believing in the right of a State to command the allegiance and obedience of its citizens, and therefore that my allegiance is first due to my State. I do not believe in a rebellion by individual natural right of rebel on until both State as well as Federal Constitutions are broken, and my rights destroyed. If the Federal Constitution shall be broken and destroyed by the usurpation of a higher law faction, my right to resist is subordinate to my allegiance to my State Constitution. As an individual, therefore, I shall not rebel against such an election; for that would be rebellion also against my own State authority.

But whatever course Alabama may take, that course I shall be bound by as a citizen, and if it is to acquiesce I shall do so—if it is to secede, I shall cast my fortunes with that of the State. If the convention shall see fit to go into a consultation with the other Southern States, and act as they agree, I shall abide by that action. If it shall decide to demand new guarantees for its rights, before it will remain longer in the Union, I shall also abide in that. In fine, as I am bound by, so shall I acquiesce in all that my State may decide to do.

EXPEDITION OF 2500 MEN FOR MEXICO.

We learn from the New Orleans *Pleasure* that letters of the highest authority have been received in that city by the *Chambon*, from Havana, which leave no room to doubt that something serious is pending between Spain and Mexico. They assert positively, indeed, that an expedition of not less than 25,000 men is actually being fitted out in that city for Vera Cruz. And of this no secret is made. Even the troops comprising the expedition, their regiments and companies are mentioned. They are far the most part the malcontented troops of the Island. Their places will be filled by recruits at home and reinforcements from the Peninsula, the vanguard of which was daily expected.

The *Pleasure* thinks that the object of the expedition is the extension of a protectorate over, or the final acquisition of the country, which is especially foreshadowed by the late recognition by the Spanish Minister of the Miramon government, with which no other nation holds diplomatic relations.

Spain already has thirty six vessels of war in the Gulf, and others are on the way.

WRECK.

The schooner *James A. Bayard*, from Wilmington, N. C., for New London, was lost on the 26th, on Cape Hatteras beach. Her crew were saved.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The Little River Association, of the Primitive Baptist persuasion, was held at Muldy Springs, Wake County, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 26th, 27th and 28th ult. We learn that it was numerously attended and that the best of feeling prevailed.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
To Byron W. Langdon.
BY INA CLAYTON.

Byron, I never can forget
How very picturesque you look,
With your line, your look and net
Fishing in the meadow brook.

Just from college, scarcely twenty,
And more, a "theta delta chi,"
Blossomed with wit, (and learning plenty.)
Blushing from your dark grey eye.

Look! oh how the waves do glisten,
And 't is wondrous pleasant here;
Please incline your head and listen,
While I whisper in your ear.

THE GOLDEN BELL.

BY WM. A. MCKIM.

CHAPTER V.

A tale between two beauties.

Dear reader, as in exhibitions of the drama, now and varying scenery is frequently exhibited to the audience, so we, in picturing human life, are rapidly changing the scenery, and we have also taken the liberty, which, however, the historic profession is also guilty of taking, to select scenes through different periods of time, in order to a more effective impersonation of the characters brought to your view.

It was a few days after the storm, to which we referred in a former chapter. Every trace of snow had disappeared. The sky was perfectly cloudless, the sun shone forth in undimmed splendor, and the air was almost as pleasant and balmy as in May. Tempted partly by these favorable circumstances, and with, of course, a still more important circumstance which the discerning reader will soon discover, a lady and a boy, occupying a vehicle of the kind denominated a buggy, might be seen passing along the turnpike. A few minutes brought them to the gate, opposite a neat brick residence, situated a few miles from the scene of the storm in our last chapter.

"Why, Isabel! I am so glad to see you," exclaimed a lady, not decidedly in her teens, but certainly an idyllically young and handsome.

"And I, Imogene, have been wanting to come to see you so badly," replied Isabel, whom the reader has probably guessed rightly to be Miss Ringgold, "but badly as I have wanted to see you," continued she, "I hardly think I should have been here to-day, had I not heard some important, and I may say, astonishing news about my particular and cherished friend Imogene, and so not being able to sleep or drink with any satisfaction, I was compelled for my own sake, Imogene, if not for yours, to come over and get the particulars, so now I want you to be a good girl, and tell me about this important matter."

"Important matter! Why, what on earth are you talking about Isabel?" exclaimed Imogene, with an ill affected air of surprise. "I know of no important matter, Isabel."

"Now, Imogene, it is useless to talk so to me. But come, I have not seen your mother yet, I must go and pay my respects, and then we will just come back, and have such a nice easy chat."

"How are you, Mrs. Sparks?"

"Why, dear me! Is that you, Isabel? I am quite well, I thank you. How are all at home?"

"All are well but Pa. He thinks he caught a cold from being out in the storm, the day that he was here."

"I am sorry to hear it, but a little care of himself for a few days will remove it. You look well, Isabel, as bright and as blooming as ever. I wonder that you have not snared some bachelor yet."

"Never mind Mrs. Sparks, my time will come after a while. I am not in the desponding mood yet."

"That's right. There's nothing like faith and confidence. A person who acts under these influences, goes to work very differently from one who feels no such certainty as to the result."

"Where's Mr. Sparks this morning?" enquired Isabel.

"He rode out about an hour since, to where the hands are engaged in clearing and burning brush. He will be here to dinner, though. Emma had some purchases to make, and rode with her brother Edward to the village. I judge she will hardly be here at the regular dining hour. The younger ones are playing about in different directions. By the by, Isabel, you have not seen any of Imogene's embroidery, and I know that you will agree with me, that it is really beautiful. Get it, daughter."

"I have no doubt that it is very pretty. Imogene, I dare say, is very skillful in things of that sort."

"Come with me, Isabel," said Imogene, and the two repaired, and without delay to the parlor.

"It is very beautiful," exclaimed Isabel, after examining the work. "When did you do it?"

"I have only finished it a day or two since."

"I wonder, Imogene, that you succeeded so well with it as you did, occupied as your mind has been lately with a more interesting matter."

"La, Isabel! how mysteriously you talk, what is it, you mean?"

"Come here, Imogene Sparks," and leading her to the sofa, Isabel made her sit down, and then taking a seat by her, remarked, "now, Imogene, you shall not move hence, until you

tell me all about your marriage, which, I understand, is to come off in a few weeks."

Imogene, evidently with a good deal of mischievous lurking in her mind, parried off the revelation as long as possible, but eventually declared the whole state of the case to her friend, descending to particulars, and to the recital of a vast amount of love, and nonsense which would be uninteresting here. It is sufficient to say, that Mr. Montgomery, much to the surprise of the whole family, commenced his visits to the house, where he had not been three times in his life. That, on the third visit, he declared himself fully, prefacing his declaration with the somewhat apologetic remark, that the families were so well known to each other, that an extended courtship, though, in most cases necessary, was not so in this. He was accepted, and now the entire household was busily occupied in preparations for a grand wedding, at which Miss Isabel Ringgold was to be the first of six bridesmaids.

"I intended, dear Isabel, to have come over to-morrow, and tell you all about this matter. And now I want to show you some of my fancy. Did you ever feel and see such a lovely satin, such a beautiful white, and so heavy, it will nearly stand alone? What a simple and yet rich texture! this jewelry as appropriate in design, and yet elaborate in finish, and this lace, how very rich!"

"You will certainly be very queenly in your appearance, Imogene."

"Yes, Isabel, but these things are but gewgaws at last. Present gratification is the only one they serve. My friend—the world—will say that, in my marriage, I am doing well. I believe so myself, but of all the stakes entered into this world, there is none more momentous none more uncertain, none where there's more risk than in matrimony. I trust, dear Isabel, that all will go well with me."

"Sincerely do I hope so, Imogene, and I believe it will be so. Happiness usually people have been eagerly seeking for, nearly ever since the creation. I believe that, with a good many sensible people, it is considered to be more an ideal than an actuality. I doubt not that, with the usual alloy, you will be happy."

Imogene and her friend now repaired to the dining room, where the usual salutations passed between Isabel and Mr. Sparks and the children. Emma and Edward had not returned as yet.

"Well, Miss Isabel, what's the news at The Grove? Is there any particularly pleasant guest of the other sex, occasionally dropping in to see a body?" enquired Mr. Sparks.

"Oh! all my friends are pleasant. As to either of them being particularly so, I don't think you really expect satisfaction on that point."

"Pshaw! you girls are so soon committed in your love affairs. Come, Isabel, tell me some love-news from 'The Grove.' I am a capital hand at keeping a secret."

"Capital, I have no doubt, at keeping it traveling."

"That's right, Isabel, don't you trust him?" remarked Mr. Sparks. "I, it is true, am obliged to tell him secrets, but I advise you not to trust him."

Thus, in pleasant rejoinders, the dinner hour passed, and after a short interval, Isabel and her escort returned to The Grove.

CHAPTER VI.

The midnight hour and a secret band.

It was the solemn still hour of midnight—in an upper room, the dimensions of which might be twenty-five by forty feet, sat in profound silence some twenty men, and as much of our gratification and comfort in this world, is derived, not so much from any supposable condition of the mind, as from objects which in their nature afford us pleasure. I will first describe these auxiliaries to comfort, and then the participants. The floor of the room was covered with a splendid Brussels carpet. Arranged around the room were about forty stuffed Mahogany chairs. At each end of the room was a platform about ten inches high, upon which was three chairs, opposite to the centre stood a small white desk, perfectly square in shape. Near the centre of the right side in entering, was a neat small organ, apparently let into a recess in the wall. Around the room were probably twenty lamps. Hanging upon the wall opposite to the organ, were three oil paintings, vividly representing three features of distress—Adversity, Disease, and Death. The intelligent reader will ultimately comprehend that it was for something more than the mere admiration of the artist's skill that these paintings were placed in the room. Though perfectly warm, no fireplace or stove could be seen, the room, as well as the adjoining one, being evidently warmed by a furnace. There was no entrance to the room from without, access being had only through an adjoining room, termed an ante-room. This room was about fifteen by twenty-five feet in size, and was carpeted in the same manner as the larger room. There were four side lamps. Around the walls in close succession were securely placed narrow cases or wardrobes, each one of which was appropriated to the use of one person, in hanging an overcoat and hat, and in taking from it an article of dress which I shall particularly describe presently. In the centre of the room, and reaching from floor to ceiling, stood eight fluted, bronzed columns, say of six inches in diameter, and ranged in a circle. Two thirds of the distance from the floor was placed a revolving apparatus, and upon it was swung, what appeared to be, and was indeed, a large Golden Bell, of the weight probably of a thousand pounds, and containing only sufficient alloy to make it durable as well as sonorous.

There was one entrance from without, and the door contained near the centre, a small shutter which could be readily moved to and fro, for the purpose of looking at, or speaking to, any person who might be on the outside. A similar contrivance was placed in the door leading to the larger room, to which we will now return. The lights are burning exceedingly dim. The platform seats are all occupied; the centre ones by two persons who are the chief men of the assemblage. The farthest one from the door is the Grand Leader. He wears around his waist a gilt apron, in the centre of which is a large eye, upon his right breast is a golden star, and crossing from right to left a white crane scarf.

The man to the right of the Grand Leader is the Vice Grand Leader. He wears a white satin apron, upon the centre of which is also an eye, upon his left breast a silver star, and crossing from left to right a yellow crane scarf. The man to the right of the Grand Leader is the Secretary; in addition to an apron like the Vice Grand Leader's, he wears a white satin scarf reaching from the right shoulder across under the left arm and upon the scarf a gold pen. The man to the left of the Grand Leader is the Assistant Secretary. He wears the same kind of apron, but the Secretary does, and also the same scarf; but the latter is worn from the left shoulder to the right side and has the pen of silver. The man to the right of the Vice Grand Leader is the Treasurer. He is clothed like the Secretary, except that in place of the Gold Pen a Golden Key is upon his scarf. The man to the left of the Vice Grand Leader is the Assistant Treasurer, and is clothed like the Treasurer, with the exception that the scarf crosses from the left shoulder, and has in front a Silver Key. The remaining members of the association are clothed only with the white satin apron, with the eye upon it, in addition to their usual dress. The almost perceptible stillness, I might say, the palpable stillness of the occasion was in an instant broken. Suddenly the bell pealed forth its midnight vibrations upon the hearing of that quiet and mysterious band. As the eleventh tone swelled forth, every man rose to his feet, and as the twelfth intonation came forth, the hitherto-dull lamps shot forth a bright and vivid glare. A pause of a few moments ensued, and again a single loud peal comes from the watch-chamber.

"Brethren! heard you that peal?"

"We did," in a deep-toned and simultaneous utterance.

"It becomes my duty as your presiding officer, to declare its import. Its application is two-fold. Its tone indicates that I, as your first officer, must first address you. That I must declare the opening of our deliberations, keep order during our stay here, decide all matters of difficulty, and ascertain and find out proper channels in which your benevolence may flow. In the next place the single peal addresses itself to you. You should never fail to regard the first intimation of distress, and as far as your duty to your families will permit, to respond promptly to it. Brethren of the Gold Bell Fraternity, I now pronounce your convention duly organized for the transaction of business."

Slowly and deeply the bell sounds twice, and the Vice President, rising slowly, enquires, "Brethren, heard you the peals?"

Slowly and as if from the dead, the response, "We did," comes. "Its application is two-fold. First, that I, as your second officer, must respond. I am here to assist the worthy Leader in conducting your deliberations, and in his absence to fill his place. Secondly, that if, from inadvertency, you should ever prove culpable, in failing to administer aid or comfort, when first appealed to, you may, upon a second appeal, prove that, in practice as well as in profession, you are worthy of your position here. You are also to understand that your work of mercy is not accomplished, when only a single duty has been discharged, but, if need be, you are expected to repeat it, if called on, or even if not called on, if the duty be apparent."

One, two, three, strikes the Golden Bell. "Brethren! is the signal heeded by you?"

"It is," is the simultaneous answer.

The Secretary rises. "It is my duty as your third officer, to declare its import. It is of three fold application. In the first place, it calls upon your speaker to define his special duties, which are to keep a faithful record of your proceedings here, and at all times, when the services of an amanuensis are required by the fraternity. You are reminded, in the second place, that the third appeal should establish your character as a member of this brotherhood, and that the ignominy which attaches to your name on account of your failure on the two former occasions, should be wiped out. In the third place, he is not satisfied with answering the call for succor, once and again, but still again, whether called upon or not, if such aid from you will rebound to the good of your brother, especially and to the world generally, always provided, that the necessities and welfare of your own household are borne in mind."

Again the Golden Bell sounds forth the tones, one, two, three, four, and are its vibrations have ceased, the Assistant Secretary asks, "What's the signal?"

"Four strokes," respond all.

"This, like the preceding signals, is of more than one signification. The number calls me to my feet. My special duty is to assist our brother Secretary, and in his absence to fill his position. As regards its application to you, if neither of the preceding applications have been heeded, a sense of your delinquency should so affect you that you should, at all events, be prompt now in doing your duty. You should also learn that, even if prompt in ministering to the necessities of your fellow-men on a single occasion, your diligence in doing well should never relax, but that you should ever keep in mind the injunction of the Divine Master, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

One, two, three, four, five, resounds from the ante room.

"Brethren all! give the signal," is the enumeration of the Treasurer.

"Five strokes," all respond.

"First, the numeral makes it necessary that the fifth officer declare his duties, which are to collect and receive the funds due this body to disburse them according to our laws, and at the proper intervals of time, to render an account of my stewardship. Secondly, the first of the five declares your duty in giving aid or assistance, the second its repetition, the third, fourth and fifth the same, especially when the preceding one or ones have been neglected, and the whole declares your continual obligation to do well."

Heavily and deep-toned, fall six strokes of the bell.

"Was the signal heeded?" enquires the Assistant Treasurer.

"We heard it," was the spontaneous and hoarse utterance.

"Here also the application is two-fold in its import. It calls first upon me to declare my duties here, which are to assist the Treasurer in his duties, and in his absence, to fill his place. It calls upon you secondly, not only to respond cheerfully to calls of charity, one, two, three, four, five, but six times, if necessary, and to feel that a single discharge of duty does not exonerate you from the further performance of duty."

Seven peals from the bell.

"Brethren all, what's the number?"

"Seven," is the simultaneous response.

The Inside Warder rises. "Brethren, you are to understand from the numeral seven, in the first place, that I am the seventh officer. It is my duty to guard the door, to see that no improper persons enter an entrance to this room, while we are in session, and to this end the several passwords shall be properly and truly given in without. In the second place, that the removal of an application several times indicates distress, and that you are culpable in neglecting your aid. Let not the seventh peal pass unheeded."

Eight strokes fall upon the ear.

The Outside Warder enquires, "what is the number?"

"Eight," all reply.

"The number indicates my position. It is my duty to stand on the outside of the door. To ascertain from brethren, that they are prepared to enter, and whether prepared or not, to give notice of their presence to the Middle Warder, by whom they are admitted, if qualified, to the ante room. To debar further access to such as are not members, unless they be applicants for membership, in which case also, it is my duty to notify the Middle Warder, who notifies the Inside Warder, who, in turn, notifies the Grand Leader. You are reminded, brethren, of the solemn realities of actual existence. The conscience of every true man bears witness against him, when he denies relief to the suffering, the sorrowing, the afflicted. How much more should the still small voice rise up in sad reproaches against you, my brother, for your dereliction in duty, not only once, but even eight times."

The bell now sounds nine times.

The Middle Warder now makes the enquiry, "Was the signal heeded?"

To which the response is, "It was."

"It is my duty as your ninth officer, to answer. It is my duty to occupy the ante-chamber, when the signal upon the outer door is made. To ascertain if the password from without is correct, and if so to admit them, if not to report them to the Grand Leader or his decision. To report also such person or persons, as desire admission as members, and to admit them for initiation, when requested so to do, by the Grand Leader. To keep the keys of the various doors, as also the keys of the private wardrobes, to furnish or distribute the aprons, and at the close of the meeting, to see that they are returned. It is incumbent on you, my brother, as you sit here in the still peaceful hour of midnight, and listen to these signals, to remember that your conscience can only be still, peaceful, approving, when you cordially extend actual aid to real sufferers, not only once or twice, but even nine times."

The bell now peals about its final and last tones.

The Chaplain enquires, "if all have given heed."

To which is responded, "We have."

"You are aware, brethren, of the special duties of my office, but it is, nevertheless, my duty, not only to allude to them, but also to remind you of your duties. It is my duty to open the business of this fraternity with an invocation to God for his blessing, while we are together in this place. It is my duty to promote, not only the temporal advantage of my brother especially, and the suffering generally, wherever I can find them, but also their spiritual welfare. It is my duty also to administer consolation, not only in the dying hour, but also after death to the bereaved. It is your duty to recollect that, even as the bell has ceased its signals for the night, so your opportunities for doing good must cease, and probably soon. I pray that the Great Disposer of all events may lead you to do cheerfully and willingly for the suffering and afflicted of earth."

At a signal from the Grand Leader the brethren all rise, and the Chaplain offers the following prayer. "Most Holy, Eternal and Supreme God, who art Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and Omnipotent. We, who art finite in knowledge,

come unto thee who art infinite in wisdom and knowledge, beseeching thee to increase our wisdom, that we may walk with acceptance and profit at all times. We come unto thee, thou Omnipotent Jehovah, praying that thy wonderful presence may be continually and especially manifest to each of us, guiding us at all times in the way of rectitude and peace. We come unto thee Omnipotent Lord God Almighty, and we pray that we may ever feel that in ourselves we have no strength, that all our help must come from thee. Sustain us by thy power, and give us the aid which thou alone can impart, for the discharge of our duties. Bless us, especially here. May the business transacted here, be such as shall be approved by thee, and may we be the instruments of doing much toward the amelioration of the condition of the distressed and unfortunate everywhere. And to thy name shall be all the praise, now and evermore. Amen."

At a given signal, all are seated. A brother qualified for the purpose, ascends the platform upon which the organ stands in part, where he plays a symphony, at the conclusion of which, the brethren rise and sing the following song, in solo, duet and chorus, accompanied by the instrument.

Will brethren, hail! (solo.)
Hail! brethren, hail! (duet.)
Hail! brethren, hail! (chorus.)

Why meet we here? (solo.)
Why meet we here? (duet.)
Why meet we here? (chorus.)

Chorus. To alleviate adversity,
To soothe the bed of pain;
To calm the dying hour,
Good will to men maintain.

We've met again!
Why?
Why?

In secret session here:
To hold communion sweet,
In unstrained sincerity;
With brethren we are proud to greet,
The Golden Bell Fraternity.

A signal being now given, each member takes his seat, and the Secretary proceeds to call the roll and read the proceedings of the previous meeting. Reports from either or all of the three committees are presented, viz: the committee on character, the committee of investigation, and the committee on finance, if any business has been referred to either or all of them. The first report upon the character of the applicant for membership, the second upon cases of adversity, sickness or death, the third upon the condition of the treasury, and I also gives orders upon the treasurer to disburse funds to meritorious objects of distress. Such reports, if any, are then acted upon, new business, if any, is presented and referred and then with an injunction from the Grand Leader the Fraternity adjourns to meet the ensuing Friday night.

(To be continued.)

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Maggie Vale.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Have you seen sweet Maggie Vale,
With her shining water pail,
Tipping down into the vale,
To bring water from the spring;
And not a moment's time to loiter,
But hear up the crystal water,
As becomes a farmer's daughter,
To the thirsty household ring.

Have you seen the self-same maiden,
Fair as angels are in Aiden,
With her apple-basket laden,
Piled as high as it can hold
With the shining fruits of Autumn,
A miser's gold never had bought them,
And their blushes they had caught them,
Till they flashed like burnished gold.

Have you seen her free from care,
Trusting wild her golden hair,
Dancing at our village fair
In the wildest glee;
Or when on the village green,
They have crowned her beauty's queen,
A fairer maid there never was seen—
Maggie Vale for me.

THE SENTIMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Columbia Guardian writes the following, which is copied by nearly all the State papers, and perhaps is the true sentiment of the State:

We have rarely seen more unanimity of political sentiment than exists in this State. This we glean from replies of candidates for the Legislature, speeches and letters from our Representatives in Congress, and from the leading articles of the public journals. There are not two parties now in South Carolina, nor will there be in the contingency of the election of a Back Republican President—all, with a very few exceptions, will then be in favor of the formation of a Southern Confederacy. We believe the same determination exists in nearly all the Cotton States, and the prospect is fair for a thorough union among them, in adopting measures for their security and safety.

In our columns this morning will be found some of the evidences upon which we base our opinion; the replies of the candidates from Kershaw, and the remarks of Col. Ashmore. Indeed so far as we have observed, there has been no discordant note—no dissenting voice among those who are in public life or are seeking to obtain a position there. This we think is a strong evidence of the sentiments of the people.

FEEDING TURNIPS TO COWS.

If this is done morning and evening, immediately after milking, no taste of turnips will be discernable in the butter.

They must ever look above themselves who are to grow eternally.

Perfumes are the feelings of flowers.

Nothing to do was Master Squabble's mother, and much ado his child.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MOVEMENTS OF MR. DOUGLAS.
Indianapolis, Sept. 28.—The Douglas State mass meeting, held to-day, was the largest assembly of the Democracy held since 1856. The procession, composed of wagons, footmen, bearing banners, &c., was about an hour passing a given point. Mr. Douglas received the demonstration of the masses from an open carriage drawn by four white horses. The most imposing feature of the procession was the young ladies' car, in which stood a young lady attired as the Goddess of Liberty. This attraction elicited praises and applause from everybody. A desire to see Mr. Douglas was manifested by men of all parties.

His speech was of the same tenor that has characterized all his speeches during the present campaign. He spoke about an hour and a quarter. He refused to answer the questions propounded to him by the Indiana Journal, saying they should be proposed to him before offering such to him. He alluded to Mr. Breckinridge in severe terms, charging him and all those who sustained him, as abandoning the principles of Democracy and forsaking the same plank in the Cincinnati platform upon which he and Breckinridge stood shoulder to shoulder in 1856.

The crowd is variously estimated at from thirty-five to a hundred thousand, including a large delegation from Kentucky.
St. Louis, Sept. 28.—Hon. S. A. Douglas arrived here Saturday, and addressed about 30,000 persons. He charged Buchanan and Breckinridge with the responsibility of the election of Lincoln. There were bonfires in all parts of the city. The Ansgar office was illuminated.

ENTRY OF GARIBOLDI INTO NAPLES.
The liberator of Italy entered Naples on the morning of the 7th inst. The National Guards of the city were stationed at the entrances of the town to welcome him, and all the flags of the Government were torn down. A letter to the London Times gives a description of his reception.

At last 12 o'clock strikes and a bell sounds, and from a distance a signal is made that Garibaldi is approaching. "Viva Garibaldi!" rises from a thousand voices, and the train stops; a few hundred feet get out, and they are seized, hugged and kissed with most unmerciful violence that characterizes Italian ardor. There was one poor elderly man who, by virtue of his white beard, was taken for Garibaldi, and he was seized so that I thought he must have sunk under the operation, but the great man had gasped by another door, and I so there was a rush in all directions to intercept him. We drove round by a side street to the front of the Casino, and thence by a knowing dodge we came in front of the Datar.

There is no mistaking that face; there is the grandeur and the openness of nature's nobleman expressed, and does not say one thing, while plotting another; it is marked by a stately which in vain might be sought for in that of many so-called great ones of the earth. I was much struck with his calm self-possession and the extreme sweetness of his smile. He was not in the carriage of the French Minister, though I believe it has been placed at his disposal, but in one hired for the occasion. Followed and accompanied by three lines of carriages, he went along the Marina, through the Basso Porto, surrounded by thousands, and defended by their greetings, up the Largo Castello, and so on by San Carlo and the Palace of the King, which Royalty only left a few hours before, and entered the Palace of reception for foreign Princes. The crowd waved backwards and forwards, and looked up to the windows and shouted for the appearance of Garibaldi.

First came one red coat, then another, and at last the hero. What a cry of "Viva!" there rose from the vast mass below! When last that balcony was occupied by a distinguished personage it was by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but in answer to no calls, for there were only a few of these ill-wishers who always hang about the palaces of Princes. It was impossible to make himself heard amid the noise and confusion, and so Garibaldi leant over the iron railing and gazed intently on the crowd. A wave of the hand at last asked for silence, but in vain. "Zitti! Zitti!" rose from all sides, and there was a hush. "Napolitani!" said a voice as clear as a bell, and with an enunciation so distinct that nothing could fail to reach the ear—

"This is a solemn, holy and memorable day. This day, from being subject under the yoke of tyranny, you have become a free people. I thank you in the name of the whole of Italy. You have performed a great work not only for Italy, but for all humanity, whose rights you have vindicated—liberty for liberty! so much dearer to Italy, inasmuch as she has suffered so much more than other nations. Long live Italy!"

The city was taken up by the thousands assembled, and "Viva Italia!" might have been heard from one end of the city to the other. There were curious spectacles to be witnessed in the crowd—there were members of a legion of Amazons to the number of 200, who, dressed in the Garibaldian uniform, had vowed to place themselves in front of the National Guard and of Garibaldi, in case the military had interfered. There were priests with tri-colored scarves over their shoulders and banners in their hands, and bare-headed monks with muskets on their shoulders. There were men and women with unsheathed swords and daggers and swordsticks in their hands, which they brandished in all the drunkenness of enthusiasm. There were hundreds of Lazzaroni, armed with pikes, which had been provided for the defence of the barri-

cades had the Bourbons driven the people to such extremes. Such were some of the scenes to be witnessed.

There is a torchlight procession in carriages and on foot in the Toledo and other parts of the city. Crowds rush along with torches or banners in one hand and knives or swords in the other, like so many mad Bacchanals, only they were not drunk, except with joy and newly found liberty, and they stop and hug and kiss, and then rush on till they meet with other crowds.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SPIDER.
Dr. Wm. Feasel, formerly a practising physician of Hannibal, Mo., was bitten by a spider on the end of his great toe, on the 12th of September, from the effects of which he died on the 19th. At first he thought it was the bite of a mosquito; but the wound became inflamed and then commenced swelling.

MURDER IN NORTH CAROLINA.
Miss Lucetta Adams, a middle-aged lady, aged 35 years, residing as a housekeeper at the residence of Bryan Grimes, of Pitt county, N. C., was brutally murdered on the night of Thursday week. A negro man named Henry, owned by Mr. Grimes, has been arrested on suspicion. Mr. Grimes is absent on a European tour.

BANK NOTES NOT RECEIVED BY THE NORFOLK BANKS.
The banks of Norfolk have ceased to receive the notes of the following banks on deposit or in payment of notes or drafts:

Notes of the Banks of the Key, Bank of Massachusetts, Bank of the Old Dominion and Branch at Petersburg, Bank of the Valley in Virginia and branches, (except the Staunton branch), Bank of Western Bank of Wheeling, Fairmont Bank, Manufacturers' and Farmers' Bank of Wheeling, Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank of Wheeling and branches, North-western Bank of Virginia and branches, Rappahannock Bank.

DEATH OF A PATRIARCH.
Henry Church died in Wetzel county, Va., on the 13th ult., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and eleven years. He was a native of England, and came to America during the Revolutionary war as a soldier in the British army, and was taken prisoner at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and from some cause unknown to the writer, did not return with the British army to England. He was among the Virginia troops that were sent west of the mountains by the Federal Government to quell the Whiskey insurrection in 1794, and soon after settled with his family on Fish Creek and resided on the same farm (where he died) 51 years. In reference to his habits for the preservation of his health he was not by any means careful. His bill of fare of course, was such as could be readily obtained by the early settlers, venison, hog, hominy, &c. He was by no means a drunkard, still it was customary in his early days, he took his drink without reserve whenever it suited him. Tobacco he regarded a nuisance, and kept clear of it.

ALARMING SCENE AT A BULL FIGHT.
The Spanish journals relate an alarming scene at a recent bull fight at Saragossa. After three bulls, which did not show much spirit, had been disposed of by the toreros or Chucheros, a popular performer, a fourth was let loose, and he displayed great violence. He tore into shreds the banderillas which were presented to him by the plebeians, and then all at once leaped over a palisade at a spot where a soldier was standing, and so injured the man that he died shortly after. A little later, the bull jumped over the barrier among the spectators. Six thousand persons were assembled, and with cries and screams all rushed to the issues to escape, causing a scene of frightful confusion. The torero, sword in hand, attempted to kill the animal, and several officers on duty as sentinels endeavored to do the same with their swords and bayonets; some of the spectators, too, fired pistols at it, and in so doing wounded certain persons. At length the torero got in front of the bull, and with a stab skillfully applied laid him dead at his feet.

THE RUSSIAN BIBLE.
The Russian Bible Society, in four years, has put in circulation 91,000 copies of the Scriptures. The Russian Bible Society last year, circulated 14,311 Bibles and 525 Testaments; in connection with its branch associations, 65,541 Bibles and 45,296 Testaments.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.
WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The fall session of this school will commence on the 1st of November, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.

THE OCEAN, from time immemorial.—It has been a place of resort for husband and wife society. In view of this fact the

PLANTING FEMALE SCHOOL.—It has been established at NORFOLK CITY, N. C., in full and open view of the Sound and the Ocean, for the accommodation of such as would like to educate their daughters within the waves of the Atlantic, and have them trained by healthful and invigorating breezes. This school shall be thorough and cheap.

J. R. & E. M. McLAUGHLIN'S SELECT—The course of instruction at the University of N. C., or any College. Morgan is beautifully situated among the mountains of N. C., and will soon be accessible by rail road. There is at present a daily coach from the last of the month, 12 miles from Morgan. For terms, address the principals.

CAROLINA FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Exercises will be resumed on the 10th October, with a full Board of Instruction.

Tuition and Board per session of Twenty Weeks \$50.00
Music on Piano \$22.50
All the ornamental Branches of Moderate rates. Latin and Greek Languages included in regular course. Tuition and Board payable in advance. Young ladies foreign and home-born.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The next term will commence August 15th. We have good board and accommodations for about two hundred students.

PATRICK SPRINGS FEMALE—COLLEGE, PATRICK COUNTY, VA.—This Institution commenced its first Session on Thursday, July 10th. The buildings formerly used for the accommodation of visitors to the Springs have been adapted to the college purposes, so that young ladies may here enjoy all the benefits of the best "Watering Places," while receiving all the advantages of the best Literary Institutions, at less than one-third the usual cost of boarding at such places. Although this is a Methodist College, and has Methodist ministers as its President, yet no sectarian views of any denomination will be introduced, the only object being to build up a great Literary Institution upon an economical basis. Parents may rest assured that their daughters will receive every attention that their conduct or progress may require. Tuition, each of the four terms, \$10.00; Board, \$10.00; Washing and Sewing, \$5.00; and all other expenses, \$5.00. Tuition and Board, \$20.00; Board, \$10.00; Washing and Sewing, \$5.00; and all other expenses, \$5.00. Tuition and Board, \$20.00; Board, \$10.00; Washing and Sewing, \$5.00; and all other expenses, \$5.00.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY.—This Institution, with competent assistants, is located in a healthy and beautiful section of country, seven miles north of Salisbury, on the North Carolina Railroad.

Periodicals.
THE PAPER FOR YOUR FAMILY!
A NORTH CAROLINA PAPER.
THE TIMES.

A large Eight-Page Weekly, published in Greensboro, N. C.

THE TIMES contains weekly forty columns of choice matter, specially adapted to the family circle. It is neither sectarian nor political, but by being confined to all sorts and parties, it is the constant ally of the public, and is prepared to discuss whatever may elevate the people and enrich the State. The publishers would earnestly appeal to the friends of North Carolina to give THE TIMES a trial for six months, to see if it is not the best paper for the family circle, and if so, to order a subscription, and to patronize home papers, as those from abroad to build up home interests and a State pride, as to counter our substance and our enemies among strangers. Give THE Times a trial, and you will not regret it.

LETTER FROM REV. C. F. DEBES, D. D.
My Dear Sir:—I have the pleasure of reading THE TIMES from its first issue. The paper appears to me to be a valuable addition to the family circle, and I am glad to see that you have exhibited, should all our people to give you a large patronage. THE TIMES is indeed the very first of our Southern literary works, and I am sure that it will be a great blessing to the South. I am sure that it will be a great blessing to the South. I am sure that it will be a great blessing to the South.

LETTER FROM REV. J. E. EDWARDS.
My Dear Sir:—I have for the last two or three years been a regular reader of the Greensboro Times, and I can truly say that it is one of the best papers in the South. It is full of choice matter, and is a valuable addition to the family circle. I am sure that it will be a great blessing to the South. I am sure that it will be a great blessing to the South.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—This is a new paper, published monthly, at only ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

The Journal is a neatly printed good paper, with many improvements, and objects will be made to improve in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from the public. It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control, and it is the wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable adjunct in the career of education.

The Journal is also designed to be a medium of communication between the various Agents and Teachers of the State, and since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law, it will be a valuable medium for the exchange of views, and will be a valuable medium for the exchange of views.

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NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—This interesting Institution, located at Mount Pleasant, Cabarrus County, N. C., will begin its next session September 26, 1860. It occupies a beautiful situation, and is of easy access to all parts of the State. Its literary and moral advantages are unsurpassed by any of a similar character throughout the country. Entire expenses for session of 10 months, including board, washing, fuel, tuition, and all incidentals, from \$107 to \$157. For further particulars address—

Rev. B. B. BITTLE, President, or
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Miss J. C. LINDSEY, Assistant.
Miss M. J. TUCKER, Music, &c.
Miss E. A. LAMER, Music, &c.
Miss F. A. LAMER, Music, &c.

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THE BANNER MONTHLY.—Lawrence's DOLLAR MAGAZINE. Believing that the North State and the South needed and would support a first class literary Magazine, the subscriber has made arrangements to issue, in the month of January next, a Magazine that will reflect credit upon the State and the South. Every exertion will be used to make it all that can be desired or looked for, and in appearance and matter I am determined it shall rival any Magazine published in the country. To the accomplishment of this end I have taken steps to procure the very best literary talent in the country, and its columns will contain the best Stories, the best Poems, the best Sketches, and the best Wit, money or exertion can procure. It will contain from thirty-two to forty-eight pages of reading matter, each month, and being printed with new type, on splendid paper, its typographical appearance will be unexceptionable. An ORIGINAL STORY, by one of the best writers in America, will be commenced in the first number and will run through the whole volume, which of itself alone will be worth the subscription price. The whole volume will contain about 400 pages of the choicest reading, and at the end of the year will make a Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the people everywhere, and to all who are in any undertaking, and read in their names. No pains or expense will be denied in getting it up, and no efforts will be spared to make it all that is possible for a Magazine of its kind. A Handsome Book for the Country-Table. It will be the handsomest and the best Magazine in the country, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE. I appeal to the

